

THROUGH WONDERLAND



Yellowstone National Park



THROUGH SERVICE TO GARDINER GATEWAY

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The Northern Pacific Railway provides through sleeping cars daily, during the Yellowstone season, from eastern and western terminals direct to the Park Station. Through sleeping-car service or as sleeping-car service is thus afforded from St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, St. Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Butte, Helena, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland and Puget Sound points, to the Official Entrance.

The Park season is from the middle of June to the middle of September, and low rates of fare are effective daily for the Park trip by itself or in connection with the Pacific Coast or eastern trip. Full details will be promptly furnished by any Northern Pacific Representative, as listed on page 70.

All Agents sell tickets via the Northern Pacific Railway—the "Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune."

THROUGH WONDERLAND





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Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone from Grand View—Inspiration Point in middle Distance



YELLOWSTONE is the largest of our national and state parks. It comprises 3,312 square miles, exclusive of the forest reserve adjoining it. It is difficult to easily enumerate the variety of nature's phenomena found in this wide domain. One who indulges in plain, simple narrative description, lays himself open to the charge of romancing to those who have never seen the Park, as did the old guides and frontiersmen of fifty years ago when they cautiously told of the wonders to be found among the mountains. Comparisons with other similar parks are difficult as there are no legitimate grounds for comparison. The Yosemite, Grand Cañon of the Colorado, Niagara, and the Yellowstone, have little in common.

Early Explorers

The Indians, of course, were more or less familiar with the park country. They did not frequent it, in general, however, although a band of Sheep-eaters, so called, of the Shoshonean family, were found living there when the whites first occupied it. They have long since passed on to the "happy hunting grounds."

The first white man to see and know of any portion of what is now the Yellowstone Park, was John Colter. Colter, who lived a life of adventure, had been a member of the



A Beaver Dam
in the Park—
1898. Over 17,000
old trees.



Lewis and Clark Expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River, and on the return, in 1806, severed his connection with those explorers below the mouth of the Yellowstone River at the Mandan towns, and made his way to the headwaters of the Yellowstone. Remaining there during the winter of 1806-7, he then started for St. Louis and met a brigade of fur trappers at the mouth of the Platte River, bound for the upper Yellowstone. He was persuaded to again retrace his steps and, on a mission to the Indians during the summer of 1807, he traversed by Indian trail at least the eastern part of the Yellowstone Park country, and the map in the Lewis and Clark report, published in 1814, shows "Colter's Route in 1807."

The next known of the region, publicly, was in 1842, when an article describing the geysers was printed in the *Western Literary Messenger* of Buffalo, N. Y., and copied in the *Wasp* of
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of Ferris, an employe of the American Fur Company, who, with two Pend d'Oreille Indians, visited one of the geyser areas in 1834. This article seems to have been the first one printed descriptive of any part of the Park region.

Many of the old mountain men connected with the fur companies in the period before the Civil War knew of the locality. James Bridger, a noted guide and explorer, often told of the geysers and hot springs. Bridger was a wonderful mountaineer, probably had no superior as such, knew the Park region thoroughly, and told marvelous stories of it. Some of his tales were true enough, others were pervaded by a strongly imaginative quality, so much so that every thing he stated regarding this locality was for many years entirely disbelieved by most persons.

Joseph L. Meek, a contemporary of Carson, Bridger, and other noted trappers and guides, and who bore an important part in the early political history of Oregon, also saw a part of the Park region in the early '30s.

James DeLacy, a civil engineer of Montana, conducted a prospecting party across the Park in 1863, and Messrs. Folsom and Cook of Montana made a tour of the country in 1869. The real discovery of the Park came in 1870, when a company

of Montana gentlemen, with Gen. H. D. Washburn, surveyor general of Montana, as their leader, made an extended



*Northern Pacific Station
at Livingston, Montana*

tour of the region. Among those constituting this party besides General Washburn, were Samuel T. Hauser, Warren C. Gillette, Nathaniel P. Langford, Benjamin Stickney, Cornelius Hedges, Truman C. Everts, and Walter Trumbull, a son of Lyman Trumbull then a United States Senator from Illinois. These were all prominent citizens of Montana, and there were several others less generally known. Messrs. Hauser, Stickney, Gillette, and Langford are still alive. A small escort of United States Cavalrymen from Fort Ellis, near Bozeman, under Lieut. Gustavus C. Doane, accompanied the expedition. From Lieutenant Doane's prominence in the exploration the expedition is often referred to as the Washburn-Doane expedition. Doane's report of the expedition stands, and always will, as a classic in all the literature pertaining to the Park.

Mr. Langford, General Washburn, and Mr. Hedges kept



Six-horse Pack Stagecoach—Between Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs



Gardiner River and Canyon—Eagle Nest Crag seen at right

diaries of their experiences, that of Mr. Langford being kept in much detail. General Washburn's was comparatively brief.

To the Washburn party is to be credited the initiative which resulted in establishing the region as a National Park. Those who took the most active part in the movement were Messrs. Langford and Hedges aided by Wm. H. Clagett, the delegate to Congress from Montana. Dr. F. V. Hayden, the geologist, at first disbelieved in the idea, but eventually threw the weight of his influence in its favor.

The only criticism now heard regarding the segregation of this domain is that not enough country was set aside. The entire Jackson Lake and Teton Range region, since made into a forest reserve, should have been included and should yet be added to the Park proper. Regarding the wisdom of the diversion of this vast area to park and timber reserve purposes, John Muir well voices all intelligent comment when he writes:

"The withdrawal of this large tract from the public domain did no harm to anyone: for its height 6,000 to 13,000 feet above the sea, and its thick mantle of volcanic rocks prevent its ever being available for agriculture or mining, while on the other hand its geographical position, reviving climate, and wonderful scenery combine to make it a grand health, pleasure, and study resort, a gathering place for travelers from all the world."

Mr. Folsom, of the Folsom-Cook party of 1869, first gave expression to the idea of creating a national park here. But as this suggestion never reached the public, no results came from it, and the suggestion which did eventuate in action was made by Cornelius Hedges of the Washburn party near the close of the exploration of 1870.

Major Sir Rose Lambert Price, Bart., an English world-

traveler, visited the Park and adjoining region in 1897. He published, in London, a book called *A Summer on the Rockies*, in which, among other things, he writes:

"But what a Park it is! What a playground for a nation! Where, in any other country in the world, is there anything like it? It embraces in its limits * * * mountains from ten thousand to fourteen thousand feet above the sea—one valley which has an elevation of not less than six thousand feet; the geysers outclass anything of the kind in the known world. There are over thirty-five that throw a column of hot water from thirty to two hundred and fifty feet in the air, at intervals of from one minute to fourteen days, and often longer.

"The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, twenty miles long, with an average depth of twelve hundred feet, unsurpassed for brilliancy of coloring by anything in nature; the Mammoth Hot Springs, with their colored terraces; cliffs of volcanic glass; waterfalls; mountains of petrifications; hills of brimstone; everlastingly snow-clad peaks—all these, with many more, too numerous to mention, are embraced in the people's Park, and over a thousand miles of some of the best trout fishing in the world is thrown in to help them enjoy it. Our American cousins have every right to feel proud of their magnificent playground, and they have conferred a benefit on the entire world by preserving it in its entirety for the national use."

This is a calm and deliberate statement of a much traveled Englishman, and it coincides, practically, with the expressions of all travelers. The figures here given have been slightly changed from the originals to meet the facts as more accurately known since the book was written.

The Climate of the Park

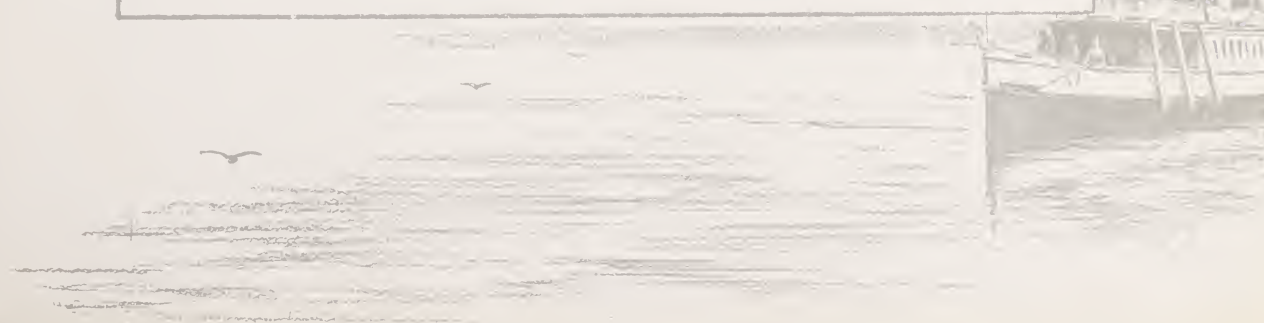
It is not alone as a land of geysers, waterfalls, hot springs, cañons, and kindred phenomena that the Park is worthy of exploitation. General H. M. Chittenden, retired, well says: "In the broadest and highest sense the Park is a sanatorium which rarely fails to give substantial benefits to those who seek them." The variety of altitude, ranging from about 6,200 feet at Mammoth Hot Springs to 7,800 feet at the Grand Cañon; the clear, pure, exhilarating atmosphere; the warm days and cool nights; the utter absence of fogs and marshy exhalations make the Park one of the most desirable health resorts in the country.

The mean temperatures for the months of the tourist season, averaged from nearly twenty years' observations, are as follows: June, 54° F.; July, 62° F.; August, 62° F.; September, 52° F. The days, of course, are warm, but not oppressively so, and the heat that is a serious affliction in many of our cities is a perfect delight in this cool and rarefied region.

The waters are pure, there are no prevalent diseases, and the combination of health conditions, good hotels, sight-seeing, fishing, and other recreations is probably unknown elsewhere.

While the hot waters of the Park have never been particularly recommended for curing human ills, this feature of the Park having been overshadowed and neglected, they are known to be quite efficacious in many ways and are so acknowledged by physicians who have investigated them.

Even as a fall and winter resort, as General Chittenden says, the Park would prove a better place for a great many persons living in northern climes than are noted resorts in other parts of the country. In a word, the Park approaches ideality as a place for rest, recreation, and healthful out-door life.



THROUGH WONDERLAND



Emergent Peak—Between Livingston and Gardiner—10,060 Feet high

The Park in General

The care and superintendence of the Park rest in the Government, the superintendent being an army officer, in charge of several troops of cavalry. The latter continually patrol the Park to prevent violation of its rules and regulations. A United States commissioner, to execute the laws, is also resident there.

Road building is very expensive and is an engineering problem of importance and difficulty. For years the congressional appropriations were small

and the efforts at road making were superficial, and the roads themselves, necessarily, tentative, or temporary ones. With ample appropriations in recent years and the expen-

ditures under the direction of an officer of the United States Engineer Corps, a well devised system of roads, including necessary and often very expensive viaducts and bridges, has been constructed. No railways or electric lines or automobiles are allowed within the Park limits, and the usual tourist route aggregates more than 140 miles of stage-coach travel. Automobiles are prohibited within the Park.

Within recent years the Government has expended \$1,000,000 in betterments, and the result is a never-ending surprise to those who see the Park for the first time.



Six Horse Park, Engineer Corps, U. S. Army, Keokuk, Iowa.

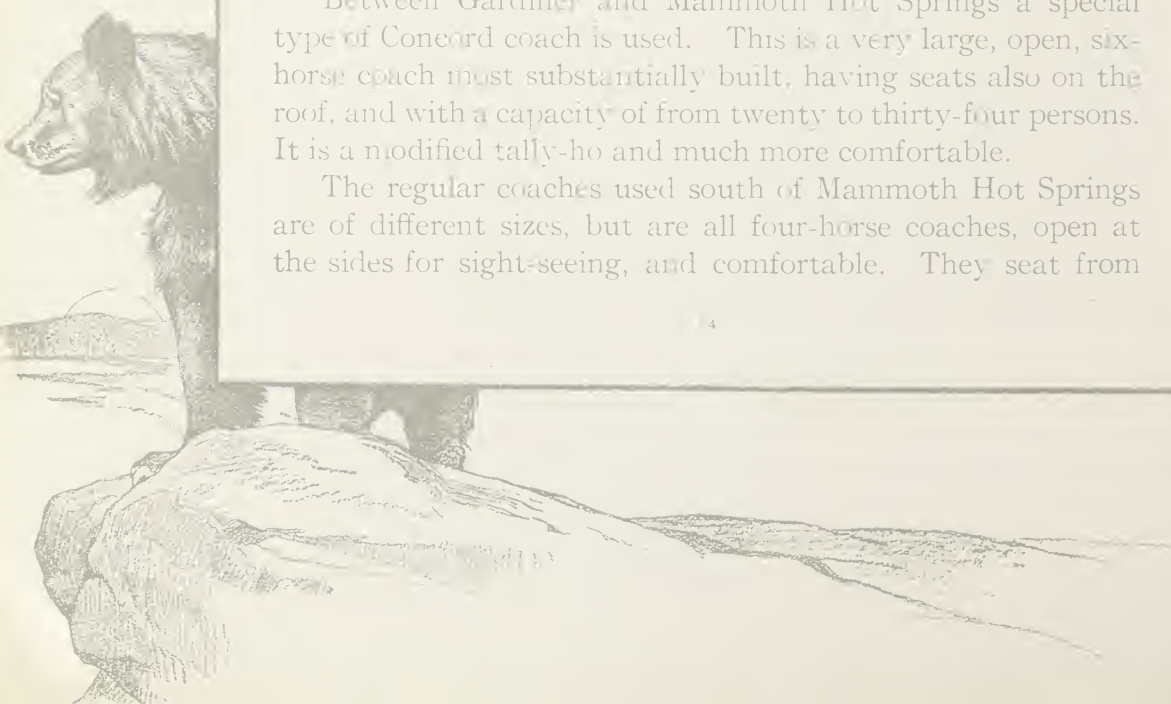
Instances of expensive road construction are noticed in the new concrete viaduct and reduced grade through Golden Gate, costing \$10,000; the beautiful new Melan arch concrete bridge across the Yellowstone River at the Grand Cañon, which cost \$20,000; the new mountain road from the Grand Cañon through Dunraven Pass to Tower Fall and Mammoth Hot Springs with a branch from the pass to the summit of Mount Washburn. This road, which cost several thousand dollars a mile, was a much more expensive and difficult piece of work than was anticipated, and it provides the means for making the finest side trip in the Park—the trip to Mount Washburn. From the mountain a comprehensive view of the Park is obtained.

Park Transportation

The transportation facilities found here are a particular feature of Wonderland. For Yellowstone Park travel a specially-designed stage-coach was constructed by the well known Concord builders, which combines the many admirable details of the old-style coach with new features, making quite a different and improved means of carriage of it. The closeness, stuffiness, and the jerkiness of the old-style coach are replaced by a large, roomy, splendid wagon, affording most comfortable and enjoyable riding as it goes whirling along the hard, macadamized, dustless roads of the Park.

Between Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs a special type of Concord coach is used. This is a very large, open, six-horse coach most substantially built, having seats also on the roof, and with a capacity of from twenty to thirty-four persons. It is a modified tally-ho and much more comfortable.

The regular coaches used south of Mammoth Hot Springs are of different sizes, but are all four-horse coaches, open at the sides for sight-seeing, and comfortable. They seat from



eight to eleven persons, including those on the driver's seat. As in regular stage-coaches the driver's seat is on the outside over the boot. While, as stated, these coaches are made very open, they are supplied with heavy canvas curtains for protection against the elements when necessary. A limited amount of hand-baggage is carried in the boot and in the baggage rack at the rear of the coach.

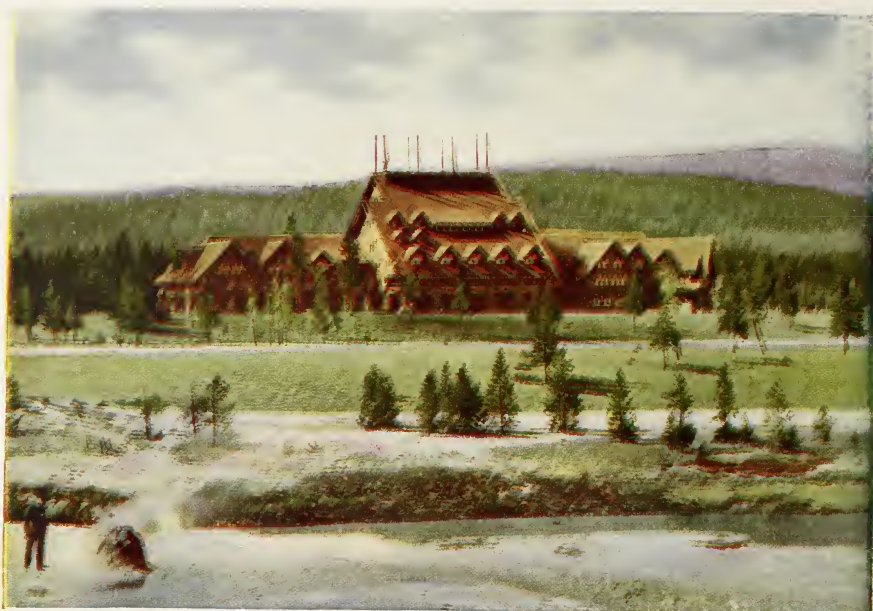
There are also top surreys and mountain wagons in use—two-horse wagons—carrying from three to five persons each. For special or private parties these wagons are very satisfactory, and are much sought after.

These coaches are not run in the old-fashioned way, with relays of horses. Each vehicle, as it leaves Mammoth Hot Springs, has its load of tourists arranged for the complete trip, and it retains the same driver and horses for the Park tour.

With the incessant change and variety found in nearly every mile of travel in the Park, this coaching trip is far and away the finest one in the United States and is altogether in a class by itself. The ever-changing panorama of mountains, lakes, cañons, rivers, hot pools, forests, geysers, cascades, and wild animals, most of them in an infinite variety, ending with a fine hotel and rest at the end of each day's ride, distinguishes this



*One of the Big Coaches
between Gardiner and
Mammoth Hot Springs*



Old Faithful Inn—A unique Hotel Home in a unique Land.



The stately Colonial Hotel at Yellowstone Lake—Overlooking Lake and Mountains

coaching trip from any other and makes it a memorable one to each and every one fortunate enough to enjoy it.

The number of miles embraced in a day's drive ranges from nine to forty. On each full day's drive a stop is made at noon for rest and luncheon at one of the lunch stations. In this way those least used to travel are able to thoroughly enjoy the ride and with little or no fatigue, particularly in recent years since the roads have been so completely reconstructed and improved. More than a hundred miles of the roads are now regularly sprinkled daily. This is done by means of large, specially-built sprinkling-wagons drawn by four horses. These wagons start out every morning in advance of the coaches and are under control of the government officials.

The Hotels

One of the most enjoyable accompaniments of the Park tour is the system of hotels found there.

At each of the five principal points or centers of interest, in the Park, the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company has a large and modern hotel equipped with baths, steam heat, electricity, etc. These hostelryes, utterly unlike in architecture, have a uniform capacity for at least 250 guests, some of them much exceeding this number. Besides the five hotels which are located at Mammoth Hot Springs, Lower Geyser Basin, Upper Geyser Basin, the outlet of Yellowstone Lake and the Grand Cañon, there are good lunch stations at Norris Geyser Basin and the west arm of Yellowstone Lake.

The hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs, a very large one, is within convenient walking distance of the renowned colored terraces with their beautiful hot springs.

The lunch station at Norris Geyser Basin stands on an eminence overlooking the weird scene below.



The Fountain Hotel at Lower Geyser Basin, is a very comfortable and capacious hotel home within a short distance of the Fountain Geyser and the Mammoth Paint Pots. The hot sulphur water of one of the springs is piped into the hotel and is supremely pleasant for bathing purposes.

At the west arm of Yellowstone Lake just across the Continental Divide there is a new and commodious lunch station.

The large hotel at the Grand Cañon is situated upon a hill near the Lower, or Great Fall, at the head of the cañon. From it one can easily walk to the Fall or to Point Lookout on the brink of the cañon. Grand View is not very far distant, the Upper Fall not more than a mile away, the roads and trails are good, and pedestrianism is a pleasure.

Old Faithful Inn

Old Faithful Inn is the creation of an architectural genius. It is almost as great an attraction for Yellowstone Park as the wonderful geyser phenomena or the profound Grand Cañon.

It is easy to say that the imposing building is made of boulders and logs, but this does not describe the quaint and marvelous manipulation and blending of these materials. The forests of the Park abound in peculiar tree growths. All sorts of irregularly-formed limbs and bulging boles are to be found, and these have



A CORNER
OF
Old Faithful Inn

been utilized wherever possible, and to them does the Inn owe much of its quaint originality. These abnormal growths are in perfect keeping with the unusual character of this Wonderland, and Old Faithful Inn harmonizes completely with its strange surroundings.

The Inn is not in the least a freaky affair, pertinent to its locality. It is a thoroughly modern and artistic structure in every respect—modern in its appointments and artistic in the carrying out of an unconventional and original scheme. The Inn and its furnishings required an expenditure approaching \$200,000. Electric lights and bells, new and unique room furnishings, rugs on room floors and in the large halls, steam heat, good fire protection, dormers, French windows, massive porches with rustic seats and swings, and a mammoth *porte cochère* are a few of the many noteworthy features. The office, or reception hall, is a striking one. This spacious room is seventy-five feet square and extends upward ninety-two feet to the peak of the roof. An enormous chimney containing eight fireplaces stands at one corner. This is constructed of lava blocks of assorted shapes and sizes, many of them of enormous bulk. A massive clock is attached to one face of the chimney, and back of it is a snug and cosy writing-room recess. The chimney is fourteen feet square and at each side is a huge fireplace and at each corner a small one, and fires of big logs are kept going constantly in one or more of the large fireplaces.

Large balconies of logs surround this great court on three sides on the second and third stories, and other and smaller balconies are found still higher up, while, perched under the roof at almost the tip-top of the ceiling is a small crow's nest sort of an open log-but room.

The dining-room is a very large, high room with red ceiling well trussed. It is sixty feet square, with another huge lava



Both black-tail and White-tail Deer roam at will through the Park



chimney and fireplace and with very large, fine plate-glass windows. From nearly all of the latter the hourly eruptions of Old Faithful Geyser can be seen.

Some of the bedrooms are of log structure, others are of natural, unplanned, unpainted pine, the effect being unique and pleasing. The furnishings are of the Arts and Crafts style.

The hotel is so situated that most of the Upper Geyser Basin proper is within range of it. The distant eruptions of the Grand, Giant, Riverside, Splendid, and other geysers can be seen more or less, while the eruptions of all the geysers between the Castle and Old Faithful are plainly visible. The view from Old Faithful Inn is certainly one of the most surprising and interesting to be found from any hotel in the world. This applies with particular force to the view from the search-light platform at the very peak of the roof. Each night this search-light is operated, being turned upon such geysers (particularly Old Faithful) as may be in eruption, and upon the bears prowling at the edge of the woods. A geyser seen in eruption under the search-light is a most remarkable sight.

Tourists should, without fail, arrange to remain several days, or even longer, at Old Faithful Inn and enjoy a unique experience in a unique hotel in a unique land.



*My Lady's Seaside
Old Faithful Inn*

The Lake Colonial Hotel

As perfect of its kind and as complete in every way as Old Faithful Inn, is the Colonial Hotel at the outlet of Yellowstone Lake. Here, facing Yellowstone Lake, stands a most stately, dignified building of colonial architecture, massive and imposing in size, with three high-columned porches and a continuous veranda along the entire front, the whole beautifully illuminated with electric lights at night. The hotel stands back from the water but a short distance, and its large front porch commands a view of the entire lake, twenty miles in length with the mountains on each side of it. Prominent among these peaks are Mounts Langford, Doane, and Stevenson on the east; Colter Peak, Turret, and Table mountains to the southeast of the lake; and Mount Sheridan almost directly south from the hotel and twenty miles away.

The reception-room, or office, of this structure is of very large size, finished in California redwood, electrically lighted at night, and is furnished with large floor rugs and all kinds of easy chairs of the Arts and Crafts pattern. It is a place where one feels wonderfully at home from the start, and the comfort and repose suggested grow upon the traveler. Steam heat, electric lights, baths, and the usual accessories of modern hotels are of course to be found, and the room furnishings are all that can be desired.

Lake, hotel, and mountains—distant and near—form a rare and delightful combination, and one can, with utmost pleasure, while away a dreamy day, or week, or month, as one's inclination prompts. This hotel is the largest in the Park and has accommodations for 450 guests.

The Animal Kingdom

The Park is really the only place where the public in general can see, without cost, the animals of the forest and the wilds in their natural state. After many years the elk, deer, antelope, and mountain sheep have become acquainted with the fact that in Yellowstone Park man does not intend harm toward them. The bears learned this long ago. Now the other animals show little timidity and it is a most delectable sight, as the coaches drive along, to see an elk or two slaking their thirst in the stream, or several deer quietly feeding in the woods near the road.

The effort to increase the buffalo herd by outside purchases and to place them where they can be fed and protected is meeting with success. They are now kept in a large pasture on Lamar River and appear to take kindly to the situation. The new herd, numbering twenty-one, was purchased in the fall of 1902, and it now numbers nearly one hundred.

There are probably about 2,000 antelope in the Park, most of them living on and around Mount Everts near Mammoth Hot Springs, and increasing in numbers. Between 100 and 200 mountain sheep are supposed also to have their habitat on Mount Everts. Both sheep and antelope are more wary than the other animals and the former disap-

*Antelope grazing on
the Alfalfa Plain
at Entrance Arch
Gardiner*



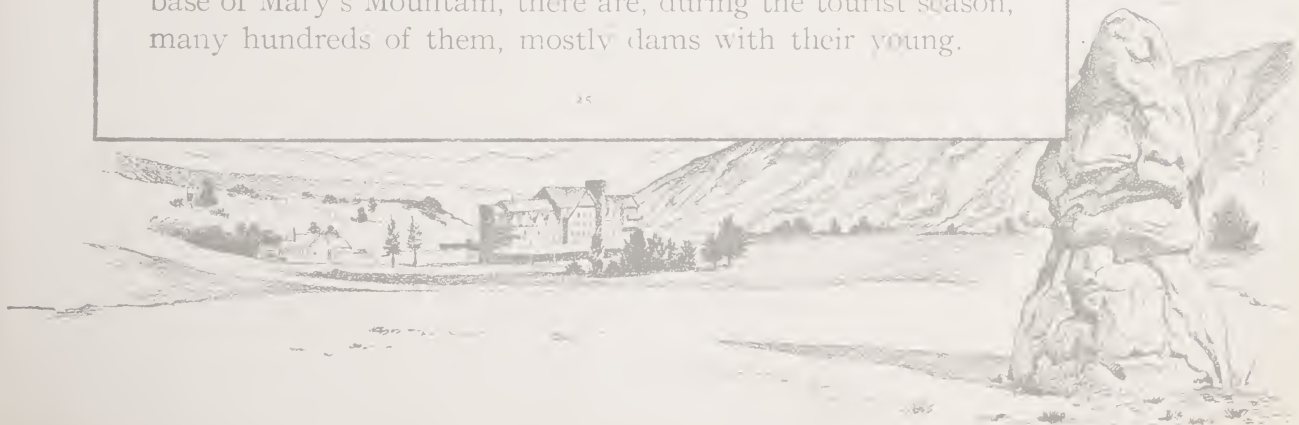


A Park Grizzly Bear watching the Tourists



pear in the late spring, and just where they pass their summer vacation is not definitely known. In the fall, winter, and spring both antelope and sheep are found in large numbers on the hills and flats about Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs. To some extent they are fed hay by the authorities at Fort Yellowstone in the winter and early spring, which serves to render them less timorous and to domesticate them in some degree. Since the establishment of the practice of thus feeding the animals, the antelope in gradually increasing number have remained on the alfalfa flat within the Park near Gardiner during the summer, where they may be seen by tourists. The number of deer is increasing and the beautiful creatures, during the winter months, like the sheep and antelope, become a very familiar feature of the hills and parade ground at Fort Yellowstone, or Mammoth Hot Springs. The deer, perhaps, are the least timid of any of the animals, and to see them unconcernedly grazing around the hotels is indeed a sight to be remembered. As no dogs are allowed in the Park there is nothing to molest them.

It is the elk, however, that throng the Park in countless thousands, and during the summer they are not infrequently seen by the tourists from the coaches. They seclude themselves more or less, however, in the valleys and timber. They are to be found by hundreds around Shoshone Lake and in Hayden Valley, and there are bands of them that frequent the upper parts of Mount Washburn and Dunraven Peak. Those who wish to see large bodies of elk, young and old, can easily do so by riding on horseback a few miles up Alum Creek, from either the Grand Cañon or the Yellowstone Lake Hotel. There, in the upper part of Hayden Valley, at the base of Mary's Mountain, there are, during the tourist season, many hundreds of them, mostly dams with their young.



The bears are much in evidence near most of the hotels and any evening or morning, with rare exceptions, from one to twenty or more may be seen eating from the refuse piles near the hotels. They are extremely interesting, and if tourists do not threaten or interfere with them, they are not in the least dangerous. Without being intrusive tourists may approach sufficiently near to enjoy their antics and movements without the slightest danger. While this is true the bears, it must be borne in mind, are yet wild ones and resent familiarity. The tourist season is a time of feasting for them and they seem to understand it and have become quite domesticated, but they are wild bears still and this fact should be remembered.



Dinner "a la Carte"

The bears are found more particularly at the Fountain Hotel, Old Faithful Inn, the Lake, and Grand Cañon hotels. At most of them the black and brown bears are principally seen, but at the lake and cañon there are also many grizzlies. Tourists have little difficulty, as a rule, in kodaking the animals, and now and then some of them seem to consciously pose for their pictures.

In portions of the Park, naturally those somewhat retired and secluded, there are many beavers and they are flourishing and increasing. Perhaps the point where these industrious animals may most conveniently be seen by visitors to the Park is over near Tower Fall, where Yancy formerly lived, where there are several colonies of them. Here, among the brooks in this beautiful part of the Park they may be found, with their dams, houses, ponds, and slides, and one may easily, in the morning or evening, see them swimming about in the

water or cutting down trees on land, laying in their store of food.

At Beaver Lake near Obsidian Cliff beaver dams and a beaver house may be seen by all tourists.

A Trout Preserve

As a place where one may indulge in angling at little or no expense or hardship, the Park probably ranks at the head. In 1890 the United States Fish Commission began stocking the waters of the Park. Since that year about 2,000,000 trout fry have been "planted" in the Park lakes and streams and these have greatly multiplied. These plants have comprised lake, black spotted, Loch Leven, rainbow, Von Behr, and brook trout, and salmon trout are also found in Yellowstone Lake as a natural growth.

From any of the hotels one can easily make fishing excursions, at distances ranging from a few rods to a few miles, and find fine sport. Those who angle in Yellowstone Park are under few restrictions, but they are assumed to be true sportsmen. All fish must be taken with a hook and line. At Mammoth Hot Springs there are many streams within easy reach where trouting is excellent. At Norris Basin fine fishing is found in the Gibbon River and its branches. From Lower Geyser Basin, Nez Perce Creek affords good fishing, and at the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon rivers, grayling may be caught.

At Upper Geyser Basin trout can be taken anywhere in the Firehole River, even though it be largely composed of water from the geysers. It is a rather peculiar experience to angle in warm geyser waters and draw forth gamey, firm, well-flavored trout. These trout have come down the Firehole River, shooting Keppeler's Cascade, and thrive in the thermal waters found below Old Faithful Geyser.



THROUGH WONDERLAND



Northern Pacific Train and Entrance Arch at Gardiner



Six-horse Coach leaving Gardiner for Tour of the Park

At Yellowstone Lake the fish may be caught either by casting or trolling. The lake trout are easily caught even by those unaccustomed to fishing. For those who are adepts at angling the most desirable spot here is in the Yellowstone River below the outlet of the lake. Boats, and fishing tackle for those who do not have their own, can be procured here. The lake itself swarms with salmon trout and they are abundant in the river.

At the Grand Cañon, fishing in the Yellowstone River is good, a favorite fishing spot being the reach of river between the Upper and Lower Falls.

The choice fishing waters, however, are near Tower Fall. At this point, some twenty miles from Mammoth Hot Springs, the Yellowstone River is a large stream with wide bends and pools and here the trout seem to enjoy trying conclusions with the angler. This is the junction of the main Yellowstone River and its east fork, or Lamar River, and there is a long reach of waters to cast over.

Let the tourist who enjoys trouting by all means plan to spend several days here and there in the Park for this purpose.

The Tour of the Park

In making a tour of such a region as Yellowstone Park, a foundation scheme, or schedule, must necessarily be arranged. Such a schedule must be planned to accomplish several things as far as it can. It must aim to enable tourists to see as much as possible in a reasonable time at a reasonable expense. Such a scheme, however, is not at all absolute or immutable, and those who have ample means and time are at liberty to vary it as much as they may desire. Those who can and do thus prolong the tour, spending several days at each hotel studying the peculiarities of each locality, are gloriously rewarded for so doing. Such persons obtain a really compre-

hensive idea of the Park and its greatness. The elevation brings coolness and health, the great hills and forests calm the mind, and the roar of the streams through mighty canyons, the leaping trout in the rapids, the hot water fountains, the lakes rippling in the sunlight or reflecting the cliffs which edge their shores, the flower-bedecked slopes and vales, the iridescent springs gushing from superheated underground

reservoirs, the graceful deer and antelope feeding at their ease, all



*Just starting
from
Gardiner*

this means a sensible, sane method of rest and recreation—means new blood, new nerves, new life.

At Gardiner the train stops at one side of a most unusual and beautiful log station, plain, yet artistic, and entirely in keeping with its surroundings. On the other side stand the huge six-horse Concord coaches in a long line waiting for humanity to pile aboard. This accomplished, away the coaches go, one after the other, around a pretty little lake

and through the massive, time-defying \$10,000 entrance arch of lava dedicated by ex-President Roosevelt, across the line of the Park, and Wonderland stretches before them.

At Gardiner, facing south, to the right rise two high, impressive peaks, Sepulchre Mountain, the nearer, and Electric Peak. The latter, 11,155 feet high, is cut by the boundary line of the Park. The mountain was named from peculiar electrical disturbances experienced there by a party of government engineers in the early days. It is a volcanic peak and is good for a stiff bit of climbing of 1,500 feet for those so disposed.

For nearly the entire distance to Mammoth Hot Springs, five miles, the route lies alongside the roaring, foaming Gardiner River, with Eagle Nest Crag and its nest of eaglets, or ospreys, crowning the pinnacle towering above it. It is an exhilarating ride, a foretaste of days to come. The stream is a beautiful one fresh from mountain snow banks and—has trout in it.

Mammoth Hot Springs

Mammoth Hot Springs, the first point in the tour of the Park, is the administrative center, or capital, of Wonderland. It is now a very attractive place. A large green plaza is flanked on the east by the red-roofed officers' buildings and the barracks of Fort Yellowstone. This is certainly one of the most attractive of army posts and has recently been much enlarged. On the opposite side of the campus rises Terrace Mountain with the richly colored, steaming, wonderfully sculptured terraces. To the north, at the base of the mountain, stands the huge hotel with other buildings, some occupied as stores and dwellings, others used by the Government and the Hotel and Transportation Company officials. Facing the hotel, to the south and bounding the plain, rises Lookout



Mammoth Hot Springs—Colored Terraces and Hotel



Hill, on the summit of which can be seen the old black-house built by Colonel Norris, the second superintendent of the Park, long years ago. The Government has recently completed a system of waterworks here and has installed a much-needed arrangement of concrete sidewalks and macadamized roads. These, with the irrigation canals and their running water, have turned what was formerly a dreary, dazzling white, parched, unkempt, waste into a green and ornamental plain.

The more distant view from the hotel is very attractive. To the south Bunsen Peak rises in its glory; to the east is Mount Everts, a long, steep-sided plateau with a lava rampart capping its southern extremity, and between these mountains are the cañons of the Gardiner River and its branches, and farther away the Washburn Range. It all forms a fine landscape.

Mammoth Hot Springs, during the park season, is a lively place. The throngs of people coming and going, the arriving and departing coaches, the officers and soldiers in blue or khaki, the bugle calls, the morning and evening guns, the steaming terraces, the brilliantly-lighted hotel and plaza and the "hops" at night, all combine to make the springs a very gay, interesting place during the park season. Tourists should certainly arrange to remain several days at the Springs, and thus, not only the better see the beauties of the place, but also become impressed by the peculiar spirit and fervor that sooner or later possesses the real nature-lover in this weird land.

The wonderful terraces are scattered along the side of Terrace Mountain and yet are fairly well concentrated. Were there nothing else to be seen in Yellowstone Park the sight and study of these pools and travertine clifflets with their



many colors and rare and delicate sculptures would repay one for the trip. And they are but the first chapter.

Prof. Maud Wineman of Chicago University, writing in the *Chicago Evening Post* of a "Tramp Through the Yellowstone," in 1903, thus refers to his first sight of the terraces at Mammoth Hot Springs:

"The sky became overcast, the wind blew, and it began to rain as, through a vista, appeared a mass of orange-colored deposits from which a vapor rose. It was the Mammoth Hot Springs, with gorgeous-colored terraces fanned the world over, and the vapor was steam from the springs themselves as the water overflowed and trickled down over a fairylike water way."



Boys on the
boarder flyer
Engle Neck Crag
in view

When I reached the terrace—Jupiter Terrace—the rain ceased, the clouds parted, the sun shone, and a rainbow played mystically over the first scene in Wonderland. But for a moment only. The clouds lowered, it grew dark, and rain fell again. Again it cleared, the sun set in a radiance over the magnificent terraces. Who can describe the colors of these wonderful formations? They are absolutely unique. One must sit in silence with riveted gaze until the minute, marvelous formations reveal their tiny, delicate contours bathed in port wine, orange, and chocolate. One is indeed fortunate to catch a glimpse of their true beauty.

One is profoundly impressed by the remains of ancient springs and terraces everywhere seen. The area and magnitude of thermal action, past and present, is absolutely astonishing.

Guide-posts and guides point out to the tourist, by name, the particular pools and terraces and the guide-books give the interesting facts regarding them. Near the hotel there are several circular, ancient wells, or holes, that formerly were beautiful pools. One of the most interesting objects is Liberty Cap, a standing monument-like shaft supposed to have been, at one time, a living geyser like the Orange Geyser. It is thirty-eight feet high and, irregularly, about twenty feet in diameter. The Giant's Thumb, not far from Liberty Cap, and similar thereto but smaller, is an object of some interest. Pulpit, Jupiter, Cleopatra, Angel, and Narrow Gauge terraces, Orange Geyser, Cupid's Cave, Bath Lake, and the Devil's Kitchen are points that are always visited, and are so marvelous and dissimilar as to point the folly of an attempt at description.

There are numerous rides, walks, and drives about the springs that may profitably be taken. The mouth of Boiling River, the very fine deep cañon and fall of the Middle Gardiner River behind Bunsen Peak, and the falls formed by the East Gardiner River, are all within walking distance to good pedestrians, or they can be reached by horseback or with a surrey.

The Gardiner Cañon ranks next to the Grand Cañon itself. It is grim, isolated, and imposing, and its walls afford wonderful examples of columnar lava.

A fine drive through a finer country is found in a trip to the Tower Fall region. The road is a new one and opens up a very attractive part of the Park not seen in the usual tour, besides leading to the best fishing.



Mammoth Hot Springs to Lower Geyser Basin

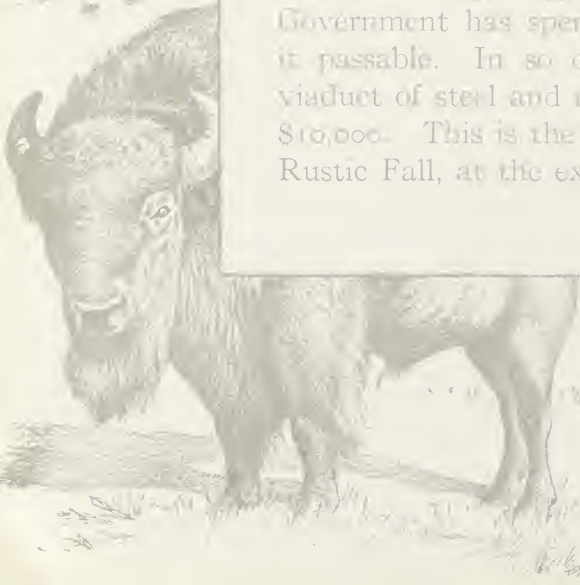
On the first day's ride of the tour, the hard road leads past the terraces, climbing to Golden Gate by a light and regular grade. On the way the Hoodoo Rocks, so called, better the Travertine Rocks, are passed. These form a strange, chaotic spectacle. Of limestone, or calcareous formation, they stand inclined at all imaginable angles and the road winds through the midst of them. They are of a silvery gray color, which fact gives name to Silver Gate, a characteristic opening or gateway through them.

Four miles from the springs Golden Gate forms a narrow, cañon passage between Terrace Mountain and Bunsen Peak, the road detaching into Swan Lake Valley. To the north rises Electric Peak, and the Gallatin Range, showing many distinct peaks, forms a fine mountain boundary on the farther side of the valley.

The Gate is a short, striking, rugged, yellowish cañon upon which the Government has spent many thousands of dollars to make it passable. In so doing it was necessary to construct a viaduct of steel and concrete at one point at an expense of \$10,000. This is the only viaduct of the kind in the world. Rustic Fall, at the extreme head of the Gate, is one of the



Golden Gate
Looking
Eastward



attractions of the spot. While by no means a profound canon, Golden Gate is a most picturesque one.

Twelve miles from Mammoth Hot Springs one of the most interesting objects in the Park is reached. Obsidian Cliff, of natural volcanic glass, invites close scrutiny, for it is a very fine example of this species of lava. The cliff is a high, black, abrupt one and in former years furnished an inexhaustible supply of material to the Indians for arrow heads. When Colonel Norris constructed the first road around its base, he fractured the huge black boulders that obstructed the way by first building fires about them and then, when heated, dashing cold water upon them.

Beaver Lake lies at the foot of the cliff, and is formed by old beaver dams that are still plainly visible.

Three miles and a half beyond Obsidian Cliff the first evidences of geyser activity are seen. Roaring Mountain is a fair-sized hill honeycombed with steam vents that have effectually cooked the elevation and destroyed the vegetation. At times its roaring can be heard some distance away.

Of other minor objects of interest passed *en route*, Apollinaris Spring, Twin Lakes, and the Frying Pan are the more important.

Norris Geyser Basin is as weird, unnatural, and interesting a piece of landscape as one ever sees. Steam columns rise from hundreds of hot-water pools and orifices in the white-gray basin, as if it were the center of a manufacturing district. Norris Basin is distinctive in that it possesses the only steam geyser or geysers in the Park. Formerly, one geyser, the Black Growler, gave forth an enormous amount of steam with terrific force. In recent years some disarrangement of internal mechanism has resulted in another "steamer" or two breaking forth at the same spot and thus dividing the force of the



THROUGH WONDERLAND



Old Faithful Geyser—Eruptions occur every Hour—Height of Water Column from 125 to 150 Feet

eruption. It is a question if the new arrangement does not surpass the solitary old Growler.

There are several small water geysers here, the Constant and Minute-man being the most prominent. The Monarch is a powerful one when in eruption, and the New Crater, one of moderate intensity, has a highly-colored and very attractive crater. The Ink Well is an object of much attention from tourists.

After luncheon an hour or an hour and a half is usually given to "doing" the basin afoot, and the coaches are boarded at a rustic pavilion at the farther side of the formation. The afternoon ride introduces the tourist to two of the largest of the streams in the Park—the Gibbon River, named in honor of Gen. John Gibbon, and the Firehole River. The junction of these streams, within the limits of the Park, forms the Madison River, one of the three streams forming the Missouri.

The ride along the Gibbon River with, first, its continuous cascades and one or two diminutive geysers, then its wide, open, mountain-bordered park, where the elk are said to resort during the winter, and finally its winding, palisaded cañon, is one of the very attractive features of the Park coaching trip.

On the mountain, at the head of the Gibbon Cañon and across the stream to the right—the West—and a thousand feet above it lies Monument Geyser Basin, a most interesting, if rather cemeterial spot, to be seen as a side-trip from Norris Basin.

About midway of the cañon Gibbon Fall, a fan-shaped fall, eighty feet high, is passed. The water in a thin sheet glissades down the black volcanic rock, producing a very pleasing effect.

The Cascades of the Firehole are a series of rapids seen from the coach, and much better from the rock projections of

the river bank, where the road first touches the Firehole River. The Firehole is larger than the Gibbon, and, in some respects, prettier. The clarity of the deep waters and the beauty of the vegetable growths seen in their depths, appeal irresistibly to one's esthetic tastes. The name "Firehole" comes from the fact that the locality was known among the old mountain men as the "Burnt Hole," due to an extensive forest fire that swept the region, and Chittenden gives this as the origin of the name of the river.

After crossing Nez Perce Creek, a two-mile ride across an old geyser formation, the outskirts of Lower Geyser Basin, ends the forty-mile drive and houses the traveler in the Fountain Hotel, a homelike, roomy, modern hotel possessed of all the comforts and conveniences.

Lower Geyser Basin

As one for the first time gazes out upon the weird surroundings, he is overcome with astonishment. Is the land under the spell of a malevolent curse or is one himself the victim of some diabolic incantation? Devastation so stalks abroad that it is almost impossible to believe that one is indeed in the flesh and looking out upon a real, tangible scene. But the illusion passes.

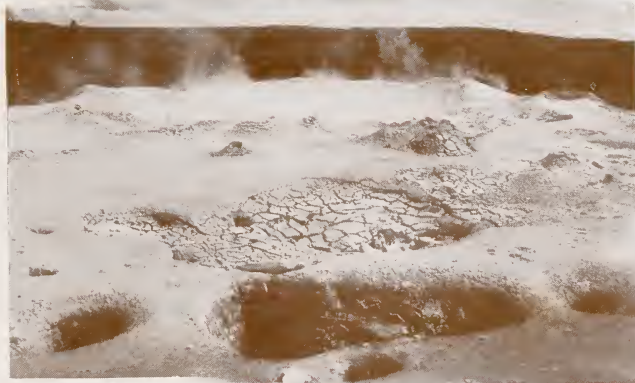
Much space could be used in describing the multitude of objects to be seen at this point, and the wise man and woman will plan to remain at the Fountain Hotel from one to several days to see them. In plain view from the hotel and but a short walk distant, are the Fountain and Clepsydra geysers, Mammoth Paint Pots, and a hot spring whose sulphur waters are piped to the hotel and used for baths.

The Fountain Geyser is as beautiful an example of its class as is Old Faithful of the cone geysers. It projects huge masses of water in spasmodic impulses, or eruptions, plays at inter-

vals of about four hours, and for fifteen minutes at a time.

The Paint Pots are Nature's mush pools—a strange, boiling, plopping caldron of beautifully colored clay that holds one with peculiar fascination.

Regarding the Paint Pots and the Fountain Geyser, Mary C. Ludwig has written of them in the *Pittsburg Press* as follows:



The wonderful
Paint Pots

"After we have eaten dinner we find that the Fountain Hotel is literally surrounded with geysers and hot springs. A very interesting phenomenon is the Mammoth Paint Pots.

The main pot or basin is perhaps forty by sixty feet and its contents consist of a mass of a whitish, mortar-like substance which boils continuously after the manner of a huge pot of mush. On one side of the basin is a rose-colored flat, seamed and cracked like a dried-up swamp, dotted with cones of various tints of pink, interspersed with a few cones of Quaker gray.

"Turning from this new prodigy we pass a few rods farther to the west to await the eruption of the Fountain Geyser. It has a crater thirty feet in diameter. We had thought the Norris Basin weird and uncanny, but as we stand near the verge of this chasm, watching the furious boiling of the water,





THROUGH WONDERLAND

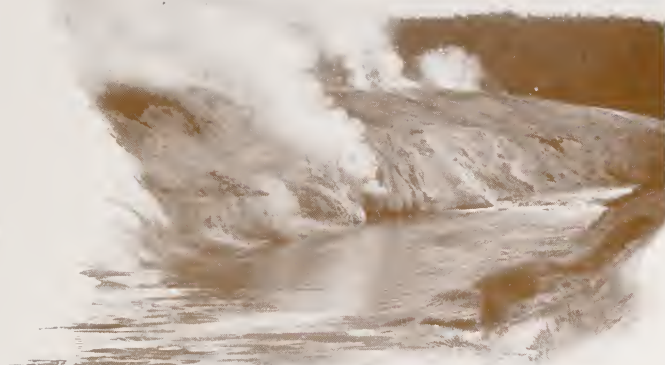


The Great, or Lower Fall of the Yellowstone 310 Feet high



often times thrown violently upward or tossed and swished about until the surface is covered with a seething foam, listening to the ominous groans and growls and threatening roars underfoot, until it really seems as though all the demons in Hades are congregated beneath and holding high carnival, Norris dwindles into insignificance.

"Awful as it is, we stand spellbound. Finally, with a terrible shriek, the whole boiling, angry mass shoots upward some twenty or thirty feet,



*Firehole River and
Geyser Steam Columns*

whilst mountain-like jets are thrown thirty or forty feet higher, and the volume of water, spray, and steam presents to our astonished gaze a sight that seems not of the earth earthly."

At a distance of two miles there is a collection of pools, springs, and geysers that one can study and admire for days. Prominent among these are Mushroom, Buffalo, Surprise, and the Five Sisters pools. The variety of color, of form, of character to be seen among these modest, beautiful expressions of nature is surprising and is not to be interpreted by printed words. The soul of Nature here speaks to the soul of man, but in soul language alone. Of all these objects the Great Fountain Geyser is the chief.

The Fountain Geyser is, in a way, a replica of the Great Fountain, the latter being, however, a much finer, more powerful, and larger geyser than the former. The Great Fountain



Geyser is a leviathan among geysers, playing to a height of 100 feet and from thirty to forty-five minutes, or even longer, at a time. It is supposed to have an eruption about every nine hours, but it is a trifle erratic both as to its schedule and duration of eruption. No one who cares for geyser phenomena should fail to see this magnificent fountain.

In a shallow ravine, or draw, near the Great Fountain, is a string of water pearl pools of exquisite beauty, and northwest from the geyser is another collection. The thing of particular interest among those at the latter point is Firehole Lake, one of the most peculiar objects in this peculiar land. A light, bluish flame seems to issue from the depths of the pool, and the effect of this, as it comes gliding to the surface, is most striking. It is no flame, however, but, undoubtedly, is a gas from the heated rocks or caverns below.

The entire Lower Basin is replete with interesting thermal springs. Along the banks of the Firehole River there are hundreds of them.

In the direction of the river and half or three-quarters of a mile from the hotel is the spot where the Cowan party were taken prisoners by Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce Indians in their raid across the country in 1877.

Midway Geyser Basin

From the Fountain Hotel one can always see, toward the southwest, at a distance of four miles, heavy vaporous clouds rising high into the heavens. There, in a narrow, hill-bordered valley, small in superficial area, are Excelsior Geyser, Prismatic Lake, and Turquoise Spring.

The geyser, when in activity, is the greatest one in the Park, possibly in the world. Of the explosive, or Fountain class of geysers, it is beyond question the finest example. It is a water volcano when in eruption, but its periods of

inactivity are prolonged and it gives little or no preliminary sign, usually breaking forth unceremoniously and with great violence. It courteously, however, continues in periodical activity for a year or two once it has awakened from its lethargy. It has not been in action since 1888 but is liable to break forth at any time. When in eruption it plays to a height of 250 feet.

As Excelsior is the greatest geyser, so is Prismatic Lake the largest and, perhaps, the most beautiful spring, of its kind, in the world. It is about 250 by 300 feet in size, clouds of steam constantly rise from it, and the rainbow is fairly rivalled by the richness and variety of color that are found in its hot waters and around its scalloped and clifflet edges.

Turquoise Spring is similar to Prismatic Pool and from one-third to one-half as large. Its name indicates the prevailing color, which grades and changes into numerous others. The geyser and the two pools are close together on a geyserite plain on the western bank of Firehole River into which they all discharge, and the coaches stop at a convenient platform for tourists to get out and see them.

Upper Geyser Basin

A short, nine-mile drive from the Fountain Hotel and the coaches are whirling through the most peculiar pocket, or valley, in the world, to the portals of the most unique hotel in the world. The valley is the Upper Geyser Basin; the hotel is Old Faithful Inn, described elsewhere in this chapter.

Charles Warren Stoddard, in the *Ave Maria* for September, 1898, gives a realistic picture of this spot that will be appreciated by those who have themselves seen it.

"After our siesta we went forth refreshed. In the great basin below us fountains were playing—natural fountains tipped with plumes of steam. These fountains sprang gaily

THROUGH WONDERLAND



Gratto Geyser in Eruption

into the air, crowned themselves with spray, and after a time subsided. Some of them were active for a few minutes only; but some towered like columns that crumble while they stand, reeling and tottering, wreathed in thin draperies of mist, for twenty minutes or more. We could hear the rumbling in the earth, the hoarse growl in the throats of these fountains, and the splash of the descending flood. We could see the torrents that poured from their basins and cascaded over the bed of the valley—it was like a bed of cement kept moist and warm—and tumbled headlong in boiling waves toward the river which received them all.

"Old Faithful, the pet geyser of the Upper Basin, is situated only a few rods from the hotel. You hear him splashing in the night; and if you have kept your reckoning, can actually tell the hour, he is so regular in his action. Never was a geyser better named."

This place of geysers is the center of curiosity in the Park, without doubt. While the Grand Cañon holds us under a spell by the opulence of its color and the grandeur of its sculpture and is most surely the *pièce de résistance*, so to write, of the Park, yet cañons, in one form or another, are more familiar to us than geysers, and the latter are, besides, a form of phenomena most rare and, to a degree, inconceivable.

At the lower end of the valley are the Fan, Mortar, and Riverside geysers; at the extreme upper end, sole monarch of his domain, is Old Faithful Geyser. Every tourist loves Old Faithful. It reigns at the head of its mountain-girt valley, steadfast, punctual, giving a full measure of service and challenges the homage and affection of every lover of nature. For countless centuries, possibly, it rendered its hourly tribute to nature alone, and now, year after year, it gives joy to the throngs of humanity who wend their way to its inspiring presence. Every sixty-five or seventy minutes this geyser

is in eruption to a height varying from 100 to 150 feet. It is *the* geyser of the Park, all things considered.

The Riverside, on the bank of the Firehole River, is in eruption every few hours and, when not materially affected by the wind, throws an arch of water across the river. One of the features of this geyser is a rainbow that always is seen during eruption.

Between the Riverside and Old Faithful geysers, scattered along both sides of the beautiful Firehole River, are found the remaining geysers of the basin.

The Giant, with its huge shattered horn, fractured at some period of thermal exuberance, and the Grotto, a veritable puzzle of projections and angles in its fantastic, cavern-like cone, stand near together, twin monuments typifying the unique nature of the spot. The former plays to a height of 250 feet when at its best: the latter splashes and lunges about unwieldily to a height of thirty to forty feet.

The Oblong, farther up the river bank, has an open, oblong crater studded with massive, wonderful geyserite beads, or nodules, all beautifully colored in rather soft neutral tints. Across the road from these three are the Comet and Splendid, the latter, when in eruption, being, perhaps, the most graceful of all geysers, but in recent years it is rarely in operation.

Following up the valley there are found, on the right bank, a great many hot pools and several geysers, prominent among the latter being the Sawmill, Economic, Turban, and Grand, the last, one of the finest in the Park. The Grand often plays several times in quick succession to a height equalling that of Old Faithful which, to some extent, it resembles. The Economic plays every few minutes and, while a small geyser, it is a favorite one. The Castle, characteristically named by the Washburn party, is a great geyser—upon occasions. Its cone is massive and intensely interesting, and its eruption,

consisting about equally of steam and water, does not reach higher than from fifty to seventy-five feet, usually; again it plays magnificently to a height of 200 feet or more, the steam rising majestically to a height of several hundred feet.

Easily seen from Old Faithful Inn are the Beehive, Lion, Lioness and Cubs, (the last three a congenial family), and the Giantess geysers,

with many pools boiling and splashing away night and day. The Beehive is the most symmetric geyser in the world. It is quite unlike any other in its style of eruption. It usually plays



The Big Porch
Old Faithful Inn

for about ten minutes and to a height of 200 feet or more. Its crater, cone, or pedestal, resembles an old-fashioned beehive. The Lion is a pleasing geyser, and its leonine mate and babies are interesting in their way. The Giantess is an Amazon. She holds herself well in hand for two weeks and then comes a violent eructation that resembles an explosion of artillery. The geyser has no cone, but a deep well instead, and every drop of water is hurled forth at the initial propulsion—for there are several of them at stated intervals—followed by the liberation of pent-up steam which rushes forth in huge masses and with a roar that is heard throughout the basin.

THROUGH WONDERLAND



The Pinnacles and Towers of the Grand Canyon—The Climax of Grandeur



Farther away from the hotel the eruptions of the mighty Giant Geyser, the Grand, and others are, to a considerable degree, visible. Often these distant eruptions are exhibitions of unusual grandeur and majesty.

I quote a part of a very characteristic description of the Upper Geyser Basin by Kipling:

"The first mound that I encountered belonged to a goblin who was splashing in his tub. I heard him kick, pull a shower bath on his shoulders, gasp, crack his joints, and rub himself with a towel, then he let the water out of the bath, as a thoughtful man should, and it all sank down out of sight till another goblin arrived.

"Yet they called this place the Lioness and the Cubs. It lies not very far from the Lion, which is a sullen, roaring beast, and they say that when it is very active the other geysers presently follow suit.

"After Krakatoa all the geysers went mad together, spouting, spurting, and bellowing till men feared that they would rip up the whole field. Mysterious sympathies exist among them and when the Giantess speaks they all hold their peace. She is a woman.

"I was watching a solitary spring, well within the line of the woods, catching at a pine branch overhead, when far across the fields and not more than a quarter of a mile from the hotel there stood up a plume of spun glass, incandescent and superb, against the sky.

"That," said the trooper, 'is Old Faithful.' * * *

"So we looked and we wondered at the Beehive, whose mouth is built up exactly like a hive, at the Turban, and at many, many other geysers, hot holes, and springs. Some of them rumbled, some hissed, some went off spasmodically, and others lay dead still in sheets of sapphire and beryl."

Nearby, on Iron Creek, there are several remarkably



beautiful pools. These are the Black Sand pool, or basin, a lovely green hot spring rimmed with black obsidian sand and having a ribboned and variegated outlet; Sunset Lake, a large, steaming lakelet whose serrated, wandering edges are ablaze with color in which every gradation of red seems to have been put on to try the effect which is, indeed, ravishing. In juxtaposition and strong contrast lies Emerald Pool, not quite so large as the Sunset and its name betokening the color scheme. It is as perfect as is the other, many will say more so, the scalloped rim of the pool and the shelving bottom being ornamented and tinted far beyond man's ability to even conceive let alone enact.

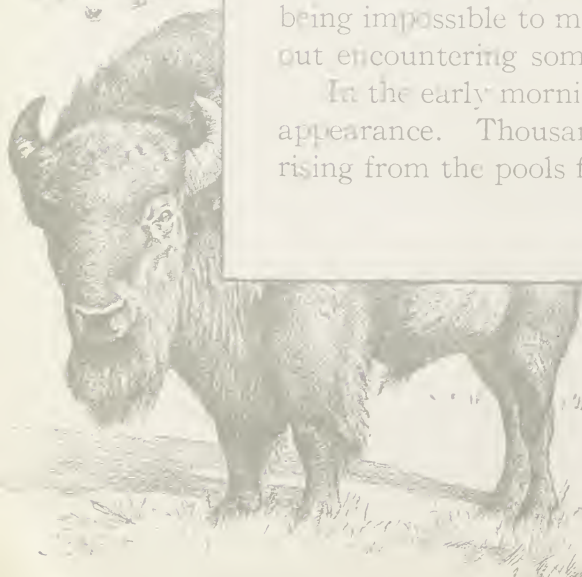


Pelicans at Pelican Lake

On the divide leading from the geysers to this isolated retreat stands the Punch Bowl, an elevated spring that boils furiously and that has an ornate rim highly colored in yellow and saffron, with an infusion of reds.

Besides these more important objects the Upper Basin is filled with many smaller, sputtering geysers and springs, it being impossible to move any distance in any direction without encountering some phase of hydrothermal activity.

In the early morning the basin presents a most remarkable appearance. Thousands of steam columns and clouds are rising from the pools filling the air with their white vapor and



changing the valley into one of enchantment. The moonlight vision with geysers in eruption is another transformation long to be remembered, while the effect of the giant search-light from the roof of Old Faithful Inn, when turned upon Old Faithful Geyser, is sure to provoke profound admiration for one of the most beautiful pictures imaginable.

A most interesting locality, really an annex to the Upper Basin and visited by the coaches *en route* thereto, is Biscuit Basin, a mile distant from Old Faithful Inn. Sapphire Pool, Silver Globe Spring, and some marvelous geyserite biscuits are a few of a hundred or more very rare objects to be seen at this spot. Another side trip, to Lone Star Geyser, should be made. This geyser stands alone on the banks of the Firehole River about four miles from Old Faithful Inn. It is well worth seeing. The geyser plays at intervals of from thirty minutes to two hours to a height of fifty or sixty feet, and its cone, a quite large and high one, is one of the most delicately beautiful in the Park.

Across the Continental Divide

Between the Upper Geyser Basin and Yellowstone Lake rises the Continental Divide, an irregular line of mountains that divides the drainage of the region, sending part of it through the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers into the Atlantic, the remainder through the Snake and Columbia rivers to the Pacific Ocean.

Leaving Old Faithful Inn the road ascends through the forest along the Firehole River until Spring Creek is reached, passing Kepler Cascade, somewhat similar to the Cascades of the Firehole. Winding, then, through Spring Creek Cañon, a secluded little gorge, the Continental Divide, is first reached at Isa Lake, elevation, 8,250 feet, a small pond covered with water-lilies. The spot is a wild and lonely glen



in the very grip of the mountains, known in the topography of the Park as Craig Pass.

At Shoshone Point, a wide, beautiful view of timbered mountains, grassy vale, and sleeping lake is unfolded, culminating with the three snow-covered peaks of the giant, snow-covered Tetons, fifty miles away, in the distance.

The Divide, once more crossed, the road then descends along the forest-shaded mountain side to the lunch station at the west arm of the lake, the scene changing as the coach changes direction.

The Continental Divide, within the Park, is not particularly altitudinous, its general elevation being, on an average, perhaps, about 8,500 feet.

Yellowstone Lake

Aside from the fact of its high altitude, 7,741 feet, and its actual navigability, Yellowstone Lake

is interesting for itself. It is a

lovely sheet of water, very irreg-

ular in form,

prolific in

sharp in-

dentations,

and its

shores are

heavily

wooded.

The water

is of a beau-

tiful color,

moderate

in depth, cold, abundant in salmon trout, and the lake is appropriately framed in by the mountains.



*Yellowstone Lake
and Absaroka
Mountains*

The lake is about twenty miles long and sixteen miles in width and it has a shore-line of about one hundred miles. Its average depth is about thirty feet with a maximum of 300 feet. The lake is one of very few in the world of as large an area at such an altitude.

The west arm is a wide and calm sheet of water, except when wind swept, joining the main body between two low, long, and heavily wooded points. The noble Absaroka Range bounds the distant eastern horizon, and is a fine, notched, high range, a fitting border to the lake, its upper heights entirely bare of forests. On the lake shore at the lunch station are some beautiful paint pots, many and varied hot pools, and two or three geysers. Two of these pools are the deepest in the Park, apparently, and the elfins of these paint pots dance higher and cut more lovely figures in their gyrations than do those at the Lower Geyser Basin.

At this point on the western shore is found the hot spring cone, by many regarded as purely mythical, where the angler catches a trout in the lake, and, without moving, flops him into the boiling water of the pool and in a twinkling cooks him. This is all entirely true. In early summer, when the park season first opens, the rapidly-melting snows in the mountains cause the lake to be, usually, quite high, and this particular hot spring cone and pool which the tourist, later, sees, is apt to be nearly or quite overflowed by the lake. Subsequently, when it is well out of the water, it forms a very conspicuous object.

From the lunch station at the west arm the government road to Jackson Lake and the Three Tetons country leads southward past Lewis Lake and down Lewis River.

The view from the porches and rooms of the stately Colonial Hotel near the outlet of Yellowstone Lake is one of quiet, peace, and beauty. The large lake stretches out and

away far, far into the mountains, the striking irregularities and sinuosities of its shore-line being plainly visible. Stevenson Island lies almost within a stone's throw and little Dot Island shows faintly in the western haze down toward the southwestern shore in line with Flat Mountain and Mount Sheridan. The southeastern arm, or finger, can be plainly traced as it winds in among the high peaks and table-lands of the Absaruka Range far to the southeast. There, beneath the shadows and slopes of Colter Peak, Table Mountain, Turret Peak, and Two Ocean Plateau, the Upper Yellowstone River, fresh from the high Rockies, expands into this charming body of water.

An interesting sight from the hotel porch is that of two or three large, white pelicans that in stately, dignified manner swim slowly back and forth as if purposely on exhibition.



Moonlight on Yellowstone Lake

Folsom, one of the first white men to see the lake, among modern visitors, paid the following tribute to it in 1869:

"As we were about departing on our homeward trip we ascended the summit of a neighboring hill and took a final look at Yellowstone Lake. Nestled among the forest-crowned hills which bounded our vision, lay this inland sea, its crystal waves dancing and sparkling in the sunlight as if laughing with joy for their wild freedom. It is a scene of transcendent beauty which has been viewed by but few white men, and we felt glad to have looked upon it before its primeval solitude



should be broken by the crowds of pleasure seekers which at no distant day will throng its shores."

At various points along the shore, besides those seen between the west arm lunch station and the hotel, there are dead or living evidences of hot springs action, showing how widely distributed is this feature of the Park phenomena.

The Natural Bridge within three or four miles of the hotel and passed by the coaches *en route*, will repay a visit from those who stop over a few days at this point. The bridge is a natural arch of rock spanning a small run.

To the Grand Cañon

Leaving the beautiful lake and its delightful hotel, the road follows the windings of the Yellowstone River, by all odds the noblest stream in the Park and one of the largest and most important in the West. Just half-way between Yellowstone Lake and the cañon are found two or three extremely interesting objects. The most important one is Mud Volcano, generally but incorrectly termed Mud Geyser. The original Mud Geyser is situated just above the volcano and beside the road, as the river runs, and both these objects were discovered and named by the Washburn party.

The volcano is, really, almost the only thing of its sort in the Park on a large scale, and it impresses persons variously. To some it is a very uncanny, perhaps repulsive, but very interesting object, nevertheless. To others it is, in a way, even fascinating. When discovered (in 1870), the volcano was very active and threw mud entirely clear of its basin and over the surrounding trees. Then for years it quieted down to the state in which it is now usually seen. It has once or twice since discovery renewed, for short intervals, its excessive vitality. It is always belching and throwing thick, roily water and mud, from the bottom of a cave-like funnel against





The Rapids of the Yellowstone River - From the Bridge of the Upper Fall



the sides of the prison-like walls. Explosion follows explosion; the brown, oily, mushy-looking mass of liquid mud is projected in all directions in strong currents and large, boiling bubbles, and from it the steam rises in swirling wreaths, and steamy odors assail the nostrils.

A few rods beyond the volcano, about on a level with the road, at the extremity of a little gulch and reached by well-tramped trails, is one of the secluded gems of the Park—what I call the Gothic Grotto. The first reference to it was by Lieutenant Doane, in 1870, and he well described it and called it the Grotto. An aper-

ture in the hillside

a few feet in size is filled with the clearest of water, and continuous explosions, exactly similar to those of the volcano, keep it constantly agitated in its pebbly

basin. At some periods not a drop of water escapes from the pool, at other times a small stream issues from it. The entrance is a symmetric, pointed, gothic-like one of rock, eight or ten feet high by five or six feet in width at its base. The rock on the underside is white, on the outside mostly a strong metallic green, with green splotches at places underneath. The combination is exceedingly dainty and effective and a great contrast to the dismal volcano.

This is the place where the Nez Perce Indians, under Chief Joseph, in their raid across Montana and the Park in 1877.



*The Yellowstone
Rapids
Concrete Bridge
in Distance*

crossed the Yellowstone River on their way out of the Park.

And now we see a strange thing. The peculiar design used by the Northern Pacific Railway for a trade mark is taken from an ancient Chinese diagram known as the Great Monad and is many centuries old. A peculiar meaning and history attaches to it. As Trout Creek in Hayden Valley is reached, down below in a pocket of the turfy plain, the creek, flowing in beautiful convolutions, has worked out an almost perfect and symmetric image of the Northern Pacific trademark. The two large, central commas of the design, known to the Chinese as the Yang and Yin, and shown in the body of the trademark in red and black or white and black, are strongly brought out, and the trademark symbol can easily be traced on the ground.

Crossing Hayden Valley, named for Dr. F. V. Hayden, and the most lovely and largest valley in the Park, we soon reach the rapids of the Yellowstone River above the Upper Fall. Just above the latter stands the new and graceful concrete Melan arch bridge across the river. This bridge, which cost \$20,000, with the new road down the south side of the cañon, enables tourists to visit Artist's Point, so called because Thomas Moran is supposed to have painted the magnificent picture of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone which hangs in the Capitol at Washington, from that point. Mr. Moran recently stated that this idea was an erroneous one, that his painting was not made from the south side.

The Grand Cañon and Falls

The tourist draws near the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone on the keepest edge of expectancy. The quiet ride from the lake allows time to review, mentally, the events of the days preceding and thus prepares one for the final act of the scenic drama that is at hand.



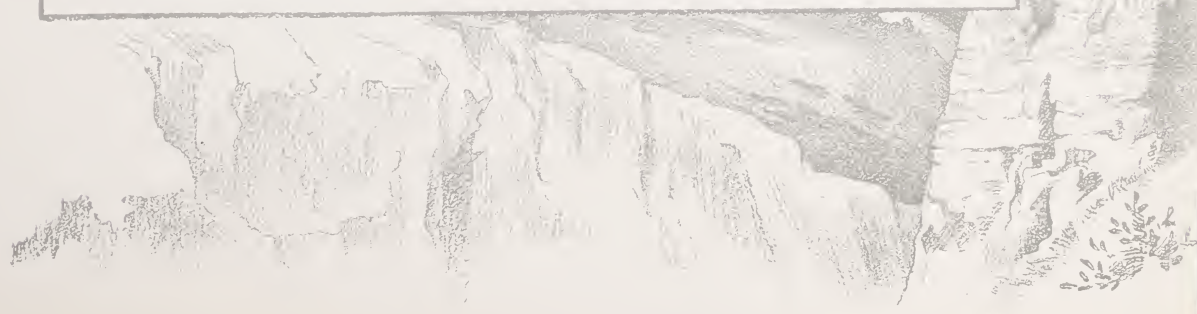
Yellowstone Lake plays an important part in the evolution of the park tour. Coming between the geysers and the cañon it serves to change the current of one's reflections and to soothe the emotions, so that the mind is the better able to grasp the real meaning of the cañon and to enter into the full enjoyment of its magnificence and grandeur.

In magnitude there are many greater cañons than this. The Yosemite is two and a half times the depth of the Yellowstone and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is five times as deep, ten times as long, and perhaps as many times wide. Each of these two is perfect of its type, but each is as radically different from each other as both are diverse from the Yellowstone. The latter is unquestionably the most perfect thing of its kind and is in a category by itself.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is, all told, about twenty miles long, 1,200 feet deep, and 2,000 feet wide. This gives, in a general way, its superficial dimensions. There are about four, or at most five, miles of it that the tourist usually sees and these constitute the most attractive part of the gorge.

The moment that one stands on the brink of this remarkable chasm and gazes upon the scene, one recognizes the utter impotency of words to describe it. Neither photography nor pigments can reproduce it. No other gorge in the world has the singularly refined yet ornate and involved sculpturing that is seen here. No other gorge exhibits such a riot and wantonness of color as does this. And strange to tell there is perfect harmony and congruity, no violence is done to any canon of art. Various figures of speech, similes, and comparisons have been used to express in some comprehensible way what one here sees. But all to no avail!

The mental condition of most persons as they first gaze upon this profound scene—cañon, falls, and river, with their amazing colors and sculptures—is well stated by Mr. Langford:



"Wednesday, August 14, 1870—This has been a 'red letter' day with me, and one which I shall not soon forget, for my mind is clogged and my memory confused by what I have to-day seen. * * * We are all overwhelmed with astonishment and wonder at what we have seen, and we feel that we have been near the very presence of the Almighty. General Washburn has just quoted from the psalm:

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,* *
What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

"My own mind is so confused that I hardly know where to commence in making a clear record of what is at this moment floating past my mental vision. I cannot confine myself to a bare description of the falls of the Yellowstone alone, for these two great cataracts are but one feature in a scene composed of so many of the elements of grandeur and sublimity, that I almost despair of giving to those who on our return home will listen to a recital of our adventures, the faintest conception of it. The immense cañon, or gorge of rocks through which the river descends, perhaps more than the falls, is calculated to fill the observer with feelings of mingled awe and terror."

As stated, the strength and power of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone are not in its superficial dimensions. It is in the profound sculpture work and the transcendent, glorified color scheme that they are to be found. The chiseling of the walls is not confined, alone, to large figures and buttresses, but the enormous and involved amount of work exhibited in the details commands our admiration and takes us by surprise. Every tower, buttress, salient, recess, cliff, rampart, and wall is elaborately and minutely embellished. The multiplicity of such work and its overwhelming effect is scarcely conceivable until one actually beholds it. And then one stands aghast! And what of the cañon colors? Such wild

and riotous and yet perfectly harmonious combinations could only be conceived by the brain of Deity. To stand at Grand View and, for the first time, gaze upon the glaring, royal welter of color which enfolds the great gulf beneath is to shock one into silence, to cause one to hold one's breath. Artists stand appalled and enthralled at the wonderful color harmony, and well they may.

Rev. Dr. E. P. Hill of the Presbyterian church thus expresses the effect that the cañon produced upon him:

"Here to the left all along are turrets and castles and cathedrals, there a Parthenon, over there St. Mark's glittering in gold, there Taj Mahal, as white as spotless alabaster. Colors green and brown and saffron and orange and pink and vermillion and russet cover every rock until the scene is bewildering. What shall one say as he looks upon such a scene? Nature teaches us about God. Then the Grand Cañon has been cut and painted by the divine hand as if to give us some idea of John's vision of heaven. Walls of jasper, streets of gold, gates of pearl, foundation stones of emerald and sapphire, and topaz and amethyst. Yes, they are all there. Who can look upon such a scene and say there is no God in heaven?"

The two colors which dominate and give character to the scene are the yellows and reds. They are found in all gradations and mixtures. White, clean, and pure, and again weathered into dull grays and browns, forms a prominent part of the scheme. Green, lavender, and black are found and the blue of the sky overhead adds an emphasis to the phenomenal scene.

Geikie, the great geologist of England, has written:

"In the sunlight of the morning the place is a blaze of strange color, such as one can hardly see anywhere save in the crater of an active volcano. But as the day wanes, the



shades of evening sinking gently into the depths, blend their livid tints into a strange mysterious gloom."

Kipling touched upon one of the most beautiful effects to be noted when he penned:

"Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in that cañon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock—blood red or pink it was—that overhung the deepest deeps of all. Now

I know what it is to sit enthroned amid the clouds of sunset." The excavation of

this remarkable cañon has been accomplished by the same agency operative in other cañons, namely,

erosion. Steam and heat

have aided the usual

factors of erosion

to produce the high,

varied, and rich

coloring with which

the walls are em-

blazoned. Through

the decomposition

and disintegration of the rhyolitic rock walls the usual sculptural effects have been greatly accentuated, and in the process of decomposition heat has effected chemical changes in the rock that have produced the vivid and lurid cañon walls.

The magnificent river that, in a frenzy of white tinged with the natural green of the water, goes tearing over its rocky bottom in a succession of rapids and falls, heightens the grandeur of the scene. Then, looking from most of the projecting angles of the walls toward the head of the cañon the

At the Bottom
of the
Grand Cañon

Lower, or Greater, Fall adds a most dignified and majestic presence to the picture.

Important adjuncts are the Upper Fall and the glorious rapids just above it. These are less than a mile above the Lower Fall and are really a part of the cañon proper, although the word "grand" can, perhaps, not justly be applied to the gorge above the Lower Fall. The two falls, the Upper, 112, the Lower 310, feet high, are as unlike as can be imagined. The upper one goes pitching over the brink in a most exultant sort of a way while the other drops into the chasm in a noble, regal manner, the embodiment of repose and dignity. Each fall may be reached by trail and road from the Cañon Hotel.

"Both of these cataracts deserve to be ranked among the great waterfalls of the continent. Every great cascade has a language and an idea peculiarly its own, embodied, as it were, in the flow of its waters. So the Upper Fall of the Yellowstone may be said to embody the idea of 'momentum' and the Lower Fall of 'gravitation'," wrote Lieutenant Doane, of the Washburn party, who thought the Upper Fall much the finer.

In the *Overland Monthly* for May, 1871, Walter Trumbull, also of the Washburn party, thus referred to the Great, or Lower Fall:

"The volume of water is about half as great as that which passes over the American Fall, at Niagara and it falls more than twice the distance. The adjacent scenery is infinitely grander. Having passed over the precipice, the clear, unbroken, greenish, mass is in an instant transformed by the jagged edges of the precipice, into many streams, apparently separated, yet still united, and having the appearance of molten silver. These streams, or jets, are shaped like a comet, with nucleus and trailing coma, following in quick succession, or they look like foaming, crested tongues, constantly overlapping each other. In the sunlight, a rainbow constantly





Elodie Peak—11,033 feet high—seen from Official Bridge at Gardiner

spans the chasm. The foot of the falls is enveloped in mist, which conceals the river for more than a hundred yards below. These falls are exactly the same in height as the Vernal Falls in the Yosemite Valley, but the volume of water is at least five times as great.

Two side trips here are of particular interest. One is across the new bridge at the rapids and down the new road to Artist's Point, before mentioned. The other is by the new road to the summit of Mount Washburn. This latter trip will occupy a day and will afford the tourist an entirely new sensation. The road is a fine, winding, mountain road revealing new vistas at every turn. The eastern and northeastern part of the Park are brought into view and Yellowstone Lake and the Three Tetons to the south, and Electric



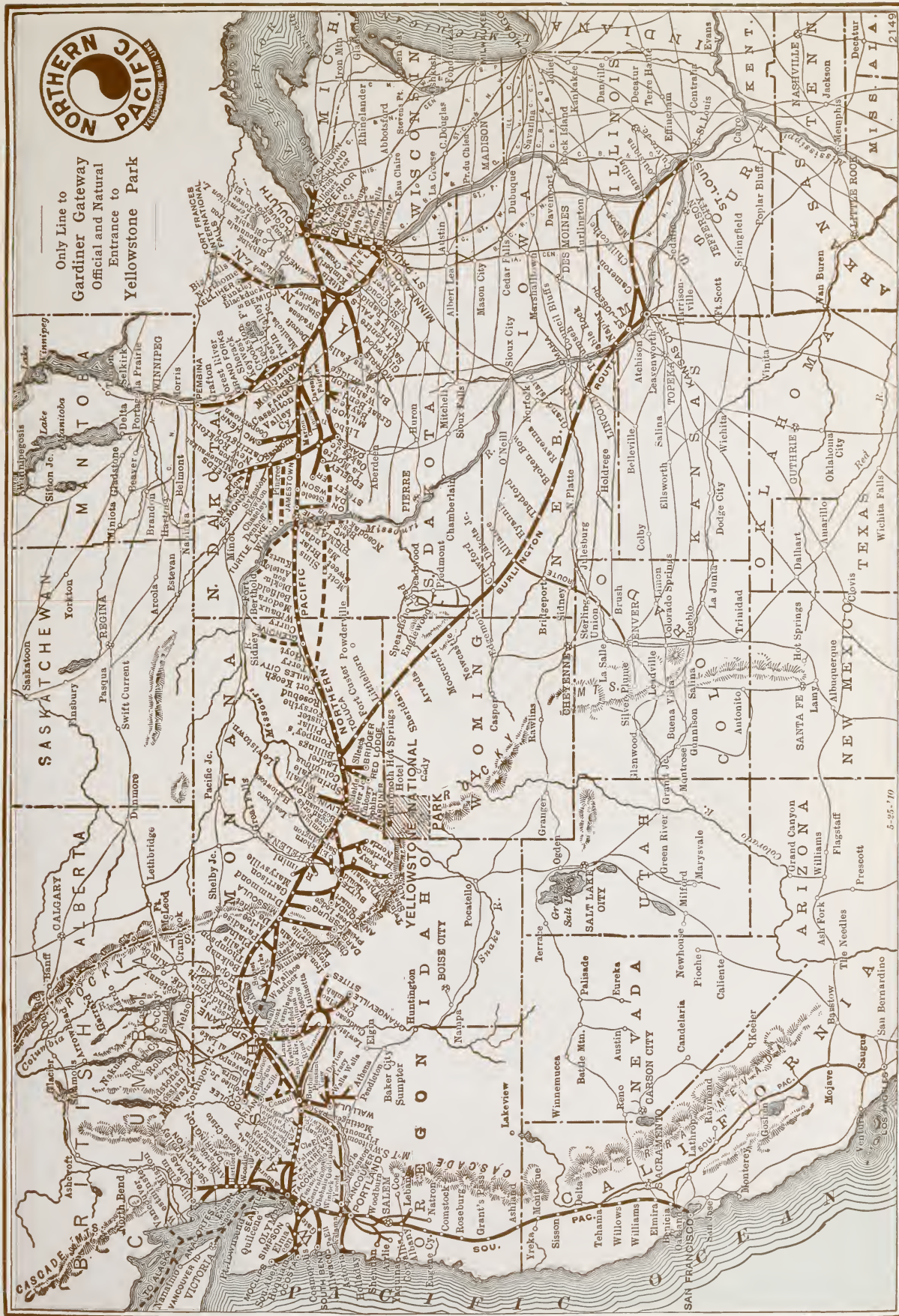
*A Coaching
Party on the
Road Home*

Peak and Cinnabar Mountain to the north, are seen. The elevation is 10,000 feet, and the view is quite unlike any other in the Park and opens to the tourist's vision an entirely new region.

Leaving the cañon on the return route to Mammoth Hot Springs the road ascends to the plateau above the cañon and falls. It then forms an artificial pathway through the pine forest, passing Virginia Cascade and the Devil's Elbow to Norris Geyser Basin, thence retracing the outbound road to the Springs and railway. It forms a quiet yet pleasing termination to the most varied and unique trip in the world.



Only Line to
Gardiner Gateway
Official and Natural
Entrance to
Yellowstone Park





A Part of the Bison Herd in the Park







Northern Pacific Railway

